for powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

*Weſt.* I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Prin.* No ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What is the King incamp'd?

*Weſt.* He is *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt*

*Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night,

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

*Ver.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is dubtfull.

*Wor.* Good cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You doe not counſell well:
Then ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Dow.* Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night ſay I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your



Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe ca
And now their pride and mettal
Their courage with hard labour
That not a Horſe is halfe the ha

*Hot.* So are the Horſes of the
In generall iourney bated and b
The better part of ours are full

*Wor.* The number of the Ki
For Gods ſake, Cooſen, ſtay til

*The Trumpet ſounds a parley.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious
If you vouchſafe me hearing an

*Hot.* Welcome, ſir *Walter Bl*
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and eu
Enuie your great deſeruinges a
Becauſe you are not of our qua
But ſtand againſt vs like an En

*Blunt.* And God defend, but
So long as out of limit and true
You ſtand againſt annoynted M
But to my charge. The King h
The nature of your griefes, an
You coniure from the breaſt of
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching
Audacious cruelty. If that the
Haue any way your good deſer
Which he confeſſeth to be ma
He bids you name your griefes
You ſhall haue your deſires wit
And pardon abſolute for your
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſt

*Hot.* The King is kind: and
Knowes at what time to promi
My Father, my Vncle, and my
Did giue him that ſame royalty
And when he was not ſixe and
Sicke in the worldes regard, wre

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